

I Can't . . .

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Summary: A peek into Cloud's mind immediately after Aeris' death.

I Can't . . .

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I can't go on.

I'll die.

It hurts too much.

It tugs delicately, seeing how much I can stand. Then, when it finds my threshold, it takes out a tiny knife, and with a dainty swipe, slices savagely.

That's when the screaming pain rushes through my head and body, threatening to rip me into shreds and slash my heart and soul.

I can see her ahead of me. She smiles down at me and I can see the tear in her dress. He stands next to her, so confident in his victory over me that he has his arm around her waist. His hand, the one resting so casually on her hip, is covered in blood.

I feel sick. Whatever food is left in my stomach rockets out, painting my mouth with a foul taste and covering my lips and chin. I keep heaving until nothing, not even the terrible bile, is left. It is ironic that I, the great warrior, am downed by the mere sight of blood. Ironic because I have caused so much to be spilled.

He turns to her and pulls her roughly to him. She squeals in delight as he crushes his lips to hers and they meet in a burning, passionate embrace. The back of her dress is red.

I want to scream. I think I am. Their heads snap towards me, as if

they didn't know I was there. But he knew I was, he knew the whole time.

She turns to him, and her lovely lips form the words, "Is he all right?"

He shakes his head. "No. He is dying."

Her eyes widen. "Dying? Can't we help him?"

I scream her name, begging her to get away from him, he whose evil is so great it is like a wall, crushing me, but my voice fails me and it comes out as only garble, no better than a child.

She pulls closer to him, terrified. Terrified of me, the one she shared her smiles with, the one whose life she brightened.

He shakes his head sadly. "No. It is what the Planet demands." Subtly, he turns her away from me and they begin walking off. Then, he turns, and lifts a blood-covered hand in salute. He smiles, and says one word.

"Soon."

End
file.